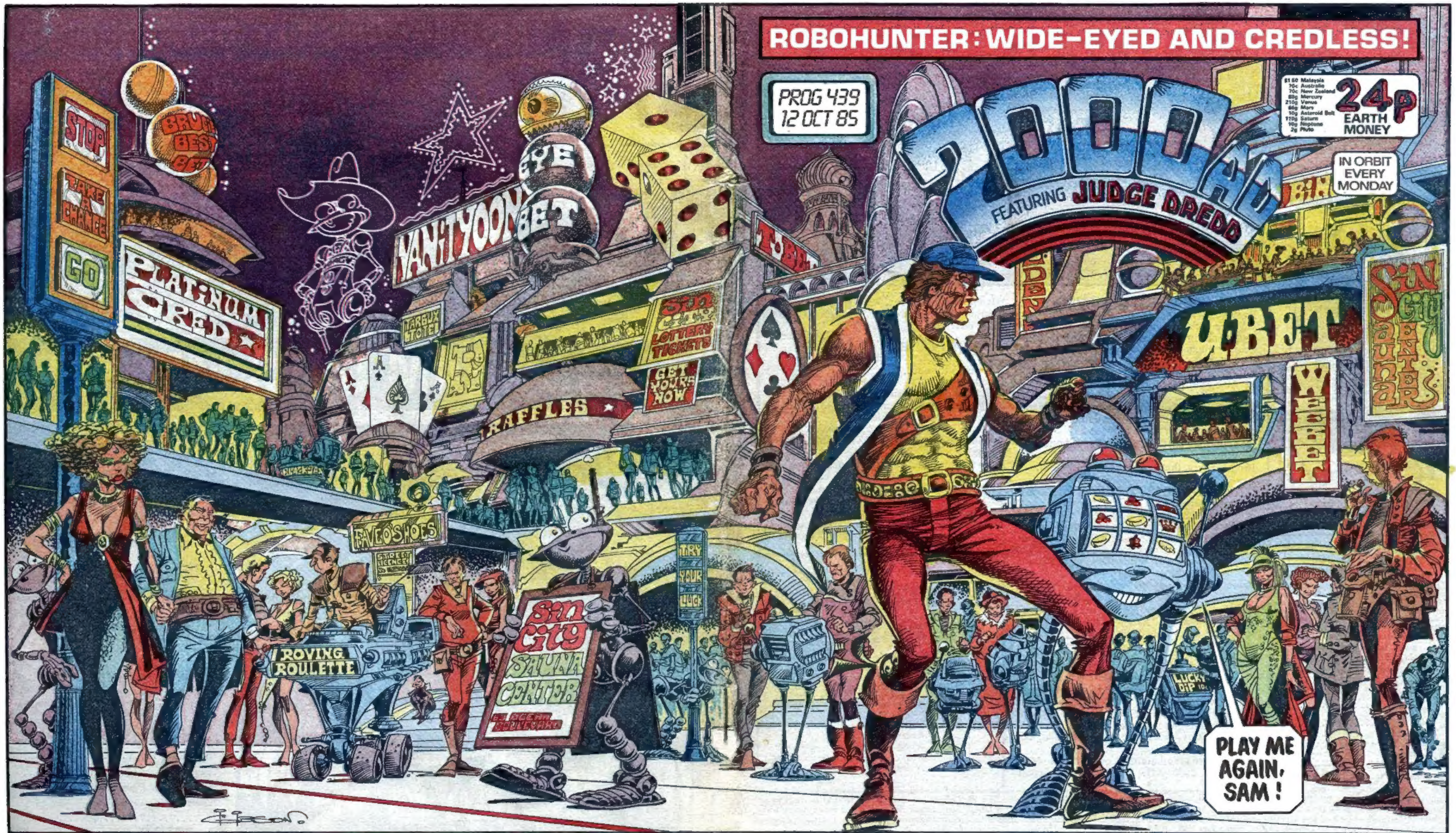


ROBOHUNTER: WIDE-EYED AND CREDLESS!

PROG 439
12 OCT 85

24p
EARTH MONEY

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY



NERVE CENTRE

BORAC THUNGG, EARTHLETS,

I have some bad news and some good news. First, the bad news: after 7 years of devoted service, clapped-out scanners have forced *Art Robot Robin Psmith* to take early retirement. Next, the good news: I have been assured by the Rest Home that this talented droid will be available – in between bouts of delirium robotens – to draw the scrotnig scans with which his name is associated by all Squaxx dek Thargo. Finally, a newsflash: the last remaining Raleigh Vektar Electronic bike freebie is awaiting its new Terran owner – apply within..... SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!



THARG

THOTH THE BETELGULEDIG

Drawn by Earthlette Natasha Murray, London.
£10 Winner.

STRONTIUM WARLOCK



Drawn by Earthlet Graham Chapman, Portsmouth.
£10 Winner.

PROG 335 : FREE CHOPPER

Dear Mighty One,

While looking in a cupboard I found an old folder, and inside it were some old posters. One of these shows *Judge Dredd* taking on the "East Sector Punks" – the E.S.P. – and I'd like to know which prog it was published in. Also, the fence in the poster had "FREE CHOPPER" painted on it; is this the same Chopper, alias Marlon Shakespeare, as in the Midnight Surfer story, and was he an E.S.P. before he got put away?

From curious Earthlet Chuen Tsou, London.
£5 Winner.

Prog 335, yes, that's classified information.

UKKO? STOGIE? TORQUEMADA?

O Mighty One,

In Progs 389 and 431, you persuaded *Judge Dredd* to answer a selection of Terran letters about life in Mega-City One. Could you persuade other characters from your zarjaz comic to answer questions about their stories? I think other Terrans would appreciate this just as much as I would.

From Earthlet Marco Hollenberg, Macroom, Co. Cork. £5 Winner.

If the Squaxx dek Thargo let me know which characters they would like to question, it shall be done!

AS OLD AS THE THRILLS...

Dear Tharg,

Like myself, my Gran has been reading and collecting your brilliant 2000 AD for over two years. At the age of 62, do you think that she is the oldest reader at the moment?

From Earthlet Andrew Fitzgerald, Dublin. £5 Winner.

No. My own grandmother is currently the oldest reader of 2000 AD. However, your senior

relative might be the oldest living Squaxx dek Thargo – unless, of course, any other Terrans know different...

ABC OF POETRY

Dear Tharg,

A poem for you...

I read 2000 AD,

And it's the best comic in the galaxy.

Judge Dredd is the best –

He should put Tharg under arrest

Because Tharg is as boring as can be,

And *Judge Dredd* would make a better editor, you see.

From Earthlet David McKeon, Co. Monaghan.
£5 Winner but very lucky to be getting anything at all if you ask my opinion.

A/ 2000 AD is indeed the best comic in the galaxy.
B/ I am not even remotely boring. C/ *Judge Dredd* would not make a better editor because he is less patient than I am with grexnix Terrans.

VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories
IN THIS PROG on the coupon and
enclose it with your entry.

1.....

2.....

3.....

I Dislike:.....

My Age is..... 439

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JOKES FOR PRANKSTERS

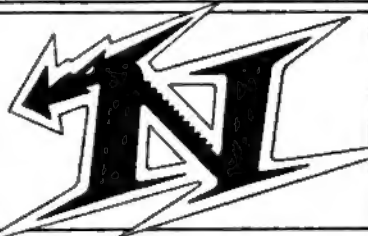


Whoopie Cushion, Black Face Soap, Water Bombs, Joke Teeth, Slime, Spiders, Snakes, Magic Ink, Itching Powder, Soap Sweets, Hot Sweets, Blue Mouth Sweets, Joke Tea Bags, Skeletons, Volcanic Sugar, Wet Jokes, Bang Jokes, Magic Tricks, Masks. (Joke Club details, big savings, free badge and gift.) Over 100 jokes to choose from, many under 20p.

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NEMESIS

THE WARLOCK

BOOK FIVE

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PAT MILLS
ART ROBOT
BRYAN TALBOT
LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER
COMPU-73e

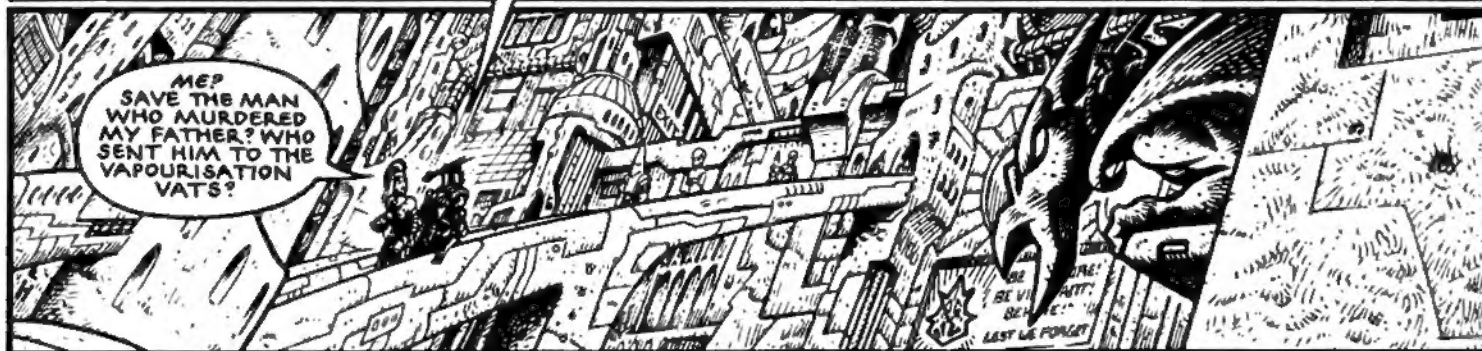
TORQUEMADA IS CAUGHT
IN A TIME LOOP AS
PART OF THOTH'S REVENGE
FOR THE MURDER OF HIS
MOTHER. NEMESIS
DECIDES THAT THE ONLY
WAY TO BRING HIS SON
OUT INTO THE OPEN IS
TO SPOIL HIS 'GAME' AND
FREE HIS ARCH-ENEMY...



I'LL
NEED
YOUR HELP,
PURITY.



MEP
SAVE THE MAN
WHO MURDERED
MY FATHER? WHO
SENT HIM TO THE
VAPOURISATION
VATS?



TORQUEMADA'S
PAID FOR HIS
CRIMES... HE MUST
HAVE BURNED AT
THE STAKE A
HUNDRED TIMES
BY NOW.

A
THOUSAND
DEATHS ISN'T
PUNISHMENT
ENOUGH
FOR THAT
MONSTER!





I WAS JUST FOURTEEN WHEN THE TERMINATORS CAME FOR MY DAD...

PURITY'S FATHER HAD BEEN A TUBE-NAVY, ONE OF THE MEN WHO BUILT THE VAST SYSTEM OF TUNNELS INSIDE TERMIGHT.

HE HATED THE TERMINATORS, BUT—FOR HIS FAMILY'S SAKE—WAS CAREFUL NEVER TO EVEN THINK ABOUT THEM...

BECAUSE THE THOUGHT-DETECTOR VANS WERE EVERYWHERE...

LOADED WITH SENSITIVE EQUIPMENT THAT COULD DETECT A PERSON'S INNERMOST THOUGHTS.



BUT, ONE NIGHT, PURITY'S FATHER HAD A DREAM...



IT'S TIME SOMEONE TOLD YOU, TORQUEMADA—YOU'RE A SICK FANATIC! A WARPED BIGOT!



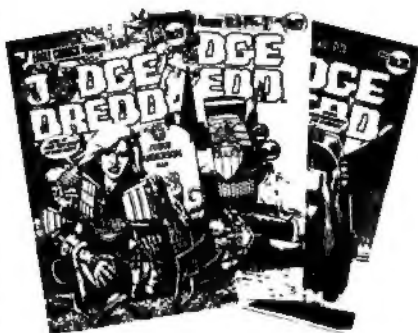






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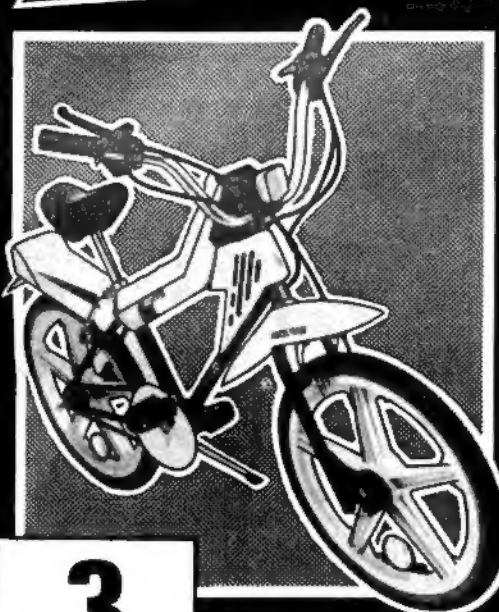
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RALEIGH



3 TOKEN

The sender of the first entry picked out of Tharg's Betelgeusian Hat on 21st October will receive the bike. The senders of the next five entries picked out will each receive a T-shirt!

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Here's your last chance to get your grabbers on the street machine of tomorrow!

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All you have to do is cut out the token on this page, attach it to a postcard or sealed-down envelope and send to the Nerve Centre address. Be sure to mark your card or envelope "RALEIGH BIKE FREEBIE".

SLAY 'EM AGAIN, THARG!

FROM THE 2000 AD MEMORY BANKS, THE MIGHTY THARG BRINGS YOU HIS SECOND ZARJAZ ISSUE OF THE BEST OF 2000 AD!

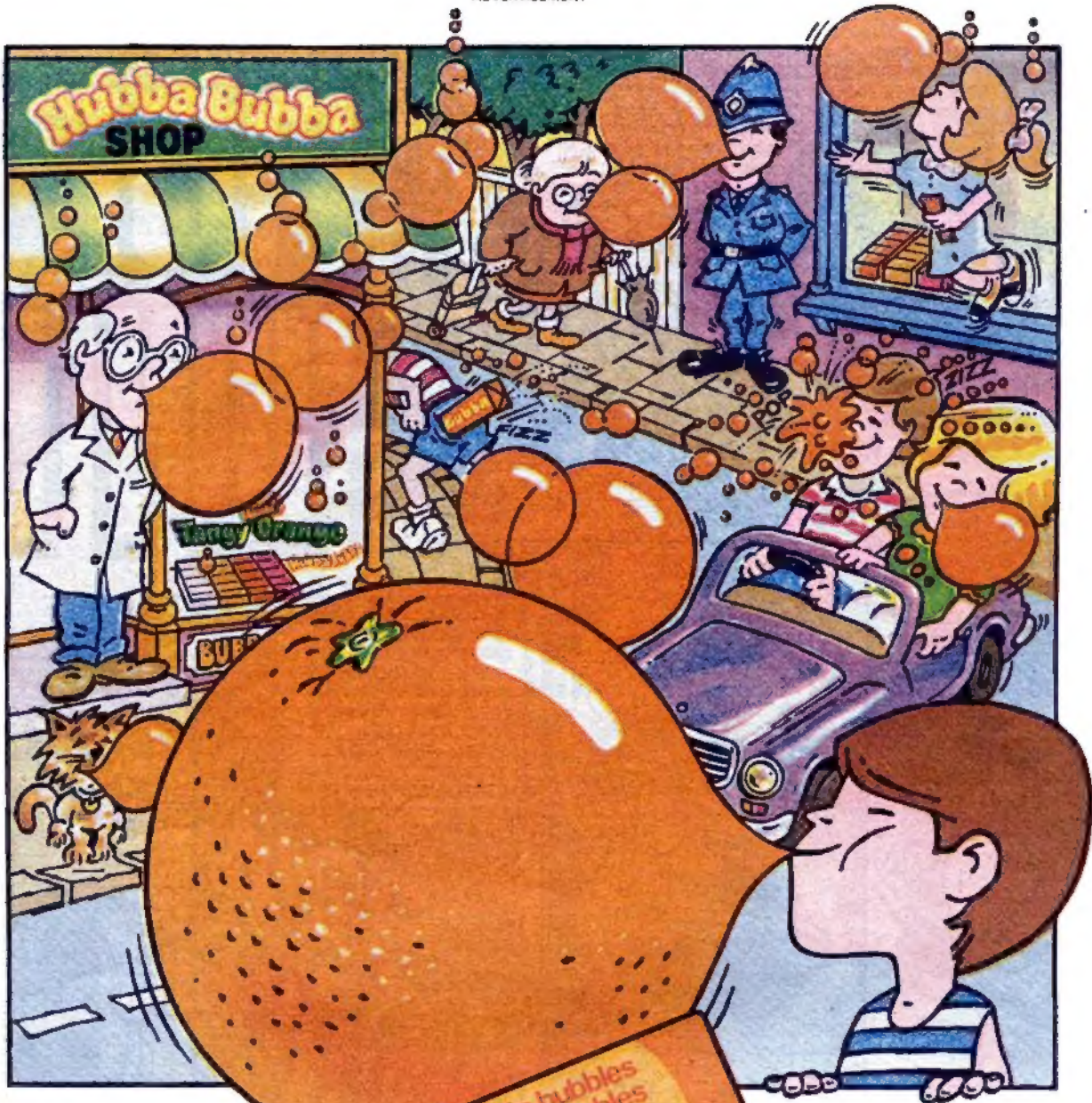
YOUR FAVOURITE HEROES IN HYPER-BLASTS FROM THE PAST!

JUDGE DREDD...
STRONTIUM DOG...
ROGUE TROOPER...

ON SALE NOW AT A THRILL-AGENT NEAR YOU!



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NEW
**Tangy
Orange**
flavour

MY TWO IDIOT ASSISTANTS HAD GONE ON THE LAM - WITH MY 27 BILLION CREDITS! I'D TRACED THEM AS FAR AS NEW YORK CASINO OWNER HARLEM GRITS, WHO HIT ME WITH THE BAD NEWS -

HOAGY AND THE STOGIE HAVE BEEN BITTEN BY THE GAMBLING BUG!

I'D SEEN MEN BITTEN BY THAT BUG BEFORE - THEY WEREN'T HAPPY TILL THEY'D LOST EVERYTHING THEY OWNED. BUT ROBOTS?

WITH THOSE TWO, ANYTHING WAS POSSIBLE!

HOVERPORT? TWO-FIFTY CREDITS TO YOU, BUD.

I HAVE TO FIND 'EM - AND FAST! I'M BEGINNING TO RUN OUT OF CASH!

THERE WERE A THOUSAND PLACES THEY COULD GO TO SQUANDER 27 BILL. BUT I ONLY HAD ENOUGH CASH FOR ONE TICKET. I HAD TO CHOOSE RIGHT.

TICKETS

SINGLE TO SIN CITY!

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
GRANT/GROVER
ART ROBOT
IAN GIBSON
LETTERING ROBOT
STARKINGS
COMPU-73e

Sam C Slade ROBO HUNTER

SIN CITY - IT WAS THE BIGGEST AND THE BEST. A MILE-SQUARE PLATFORM IN THE PACIFIC, WITHIN EASY YACHTING DISTANCE OF TAHITI. ODDS WERE, THAT'S WHERE THEY'D GONE.

PARADISE

Sincity

GETS DAILY
NO TOO SMALL —
NO TOO BIG!

GET LUCKY TODAY!

I MADE THE MORNING SHUTTLE. THE OTHER PASSENGERS WERE CHOICE. IF THEY HAD DICE FOR BRAINS, THEY SURE WEREN'T LOADED!



STILL, I'M NEVER ONE TO LOOK A GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH —

HOW MUCH?

THOUSAND CRED?

MAKE IT FIVE AND YOU'RE ON!

DONE!

THE CREEP DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE. I HADN'T EATEN IN 48 HOURS —

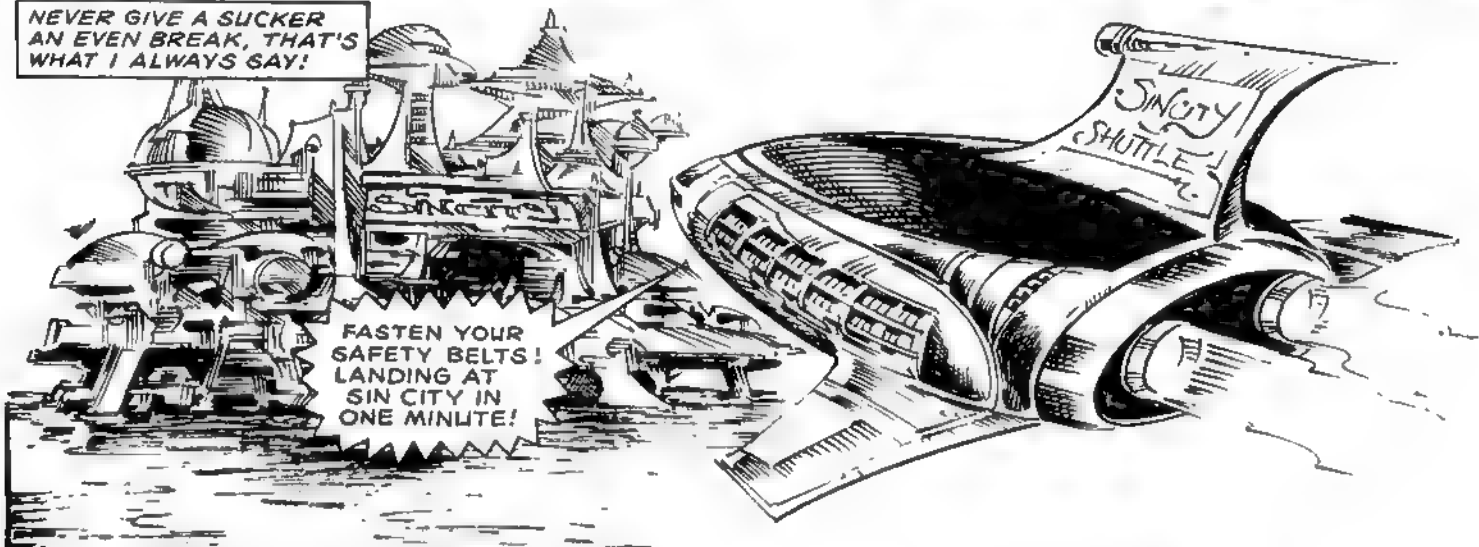
GULP!

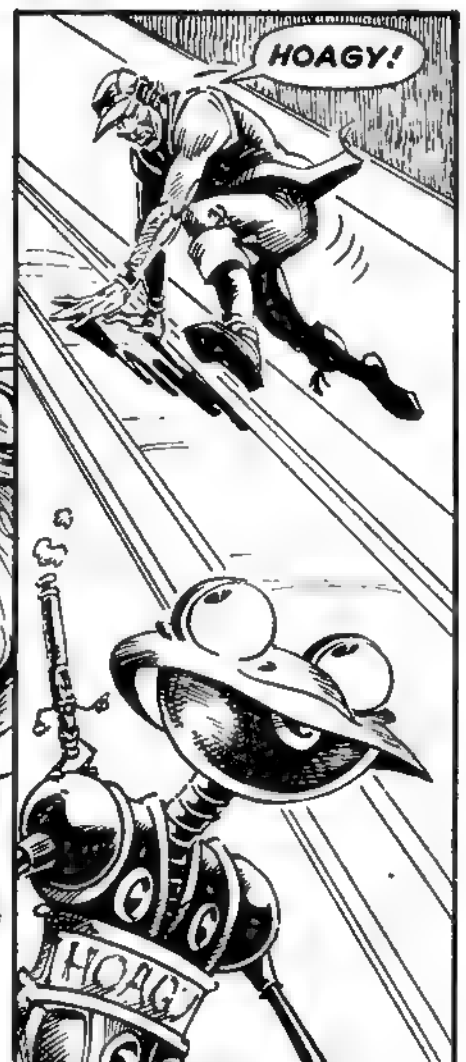
CHOMP!

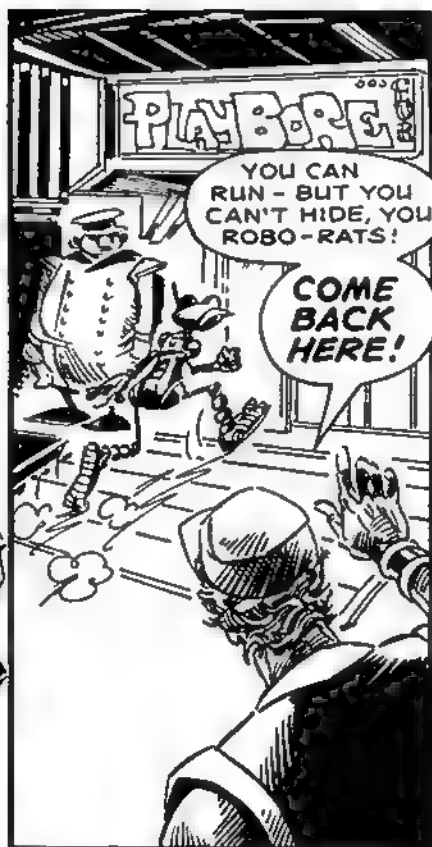
SLURP!

THANKS, PAL. WAKE ME UP IF YOU GET ANY MORE BRIGHT IDEAS!

NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK, THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS SAY!







FOR TWO DAYS I'D BEEN SEARCHIN' FOR THEM AND COULDN'T FIND THEM. NOW I HAD MORE THAN I KNEW WHAT TO DO WITH!

SORRY, SIR. YOU LOSE AGAIN!

SO WHAT? DOBBLE THE STAKE AGAIN!

TEN THOU ON THE BROWN COW! YUP!

DO YOU COME HERE OFTEN? YUP!

YUP! YOU?

YUP! YUP!

TWENTY-ONE! PONTOON, SIR!

TWIST! YUP!

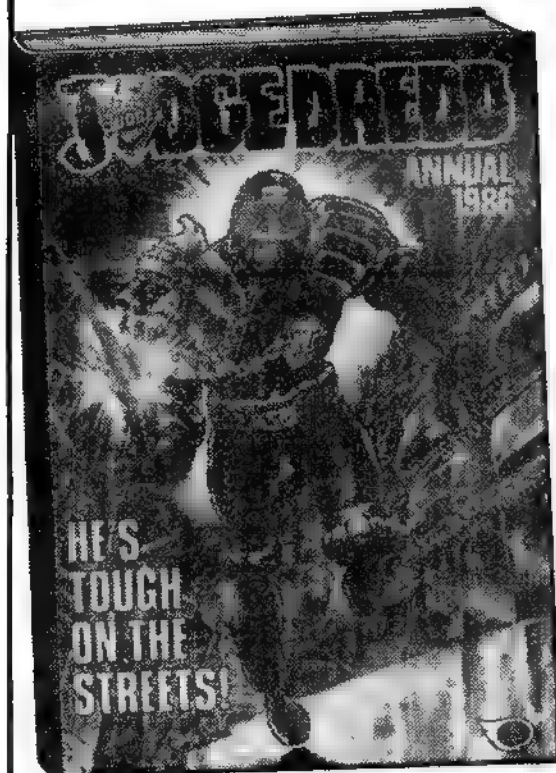
CARAMBA! WE LOSE AGAIN!

GIVE ME A SPIN, SIR? COULD BE YOUR LUCKY DAY!

NEXT
PROG

SAMILE DEMENTIA!

THRILL-POWER UNLIMITED!



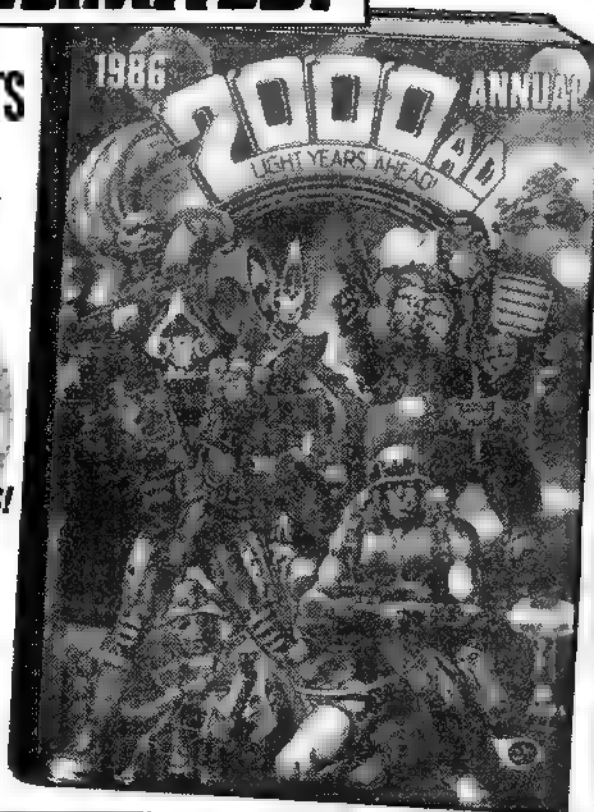
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FOLLOWING A GAS ESCAPE IN THE CITY, FREELANCE HACKER FISHER WILDMAN HAS BROUGHT A STORY TO THE EDITOR OF NEWSMAG -

THERE MUST HAVE BEEN THOUSANDS DEAD, BUT THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT. THE POINT IS, I'VE FOUND OUT WHAT THE GAS IS USED FOR! I KNOW WHY THE JUDGES HAVE GOT TO KEEP IT SECRET!

HE'D WAITED FOR A MOONLESS NIGHT TO MAKE HIS MOVE ON THE FACTORY...

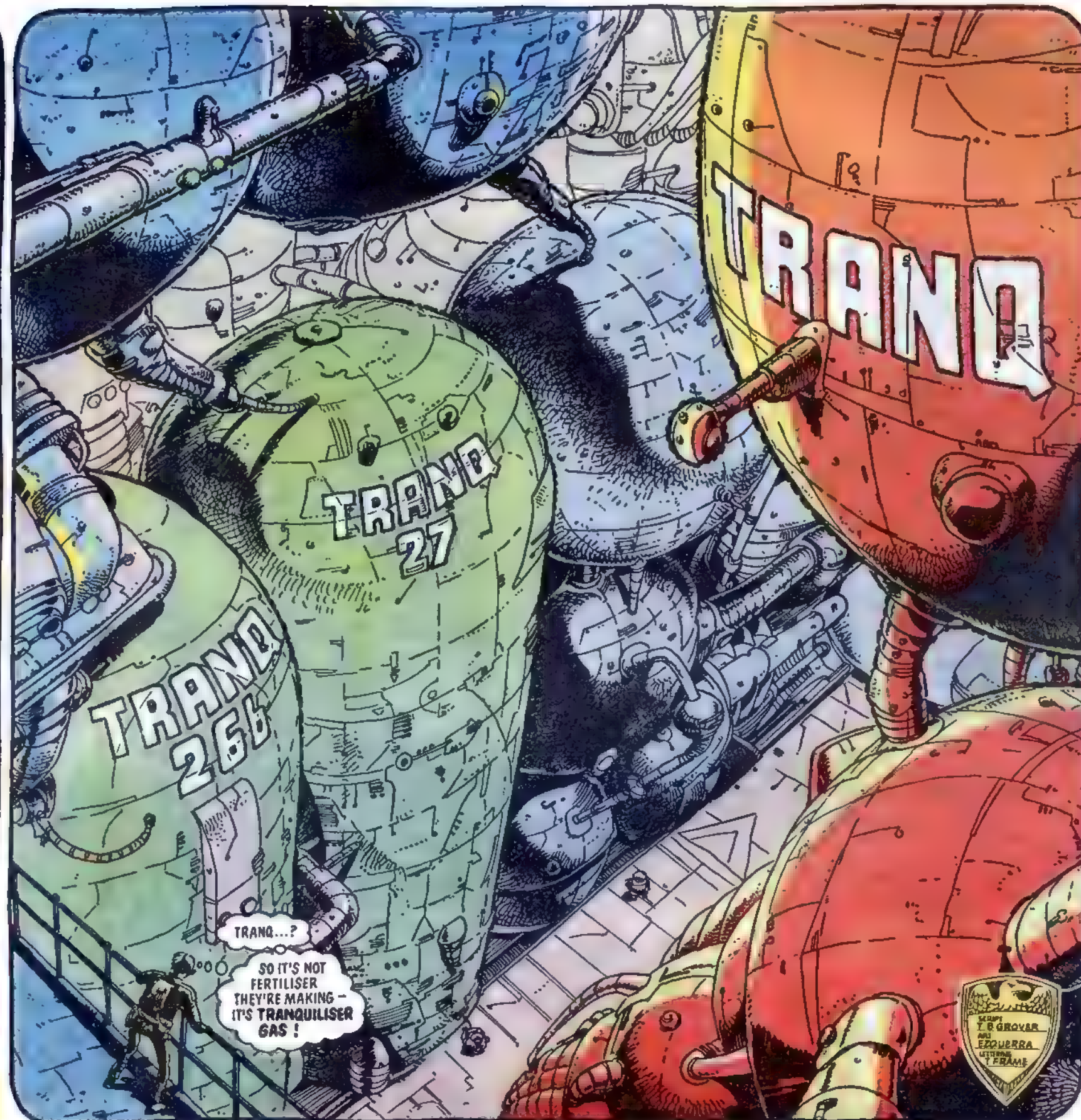
HE KNEW IT WAS RISKY.

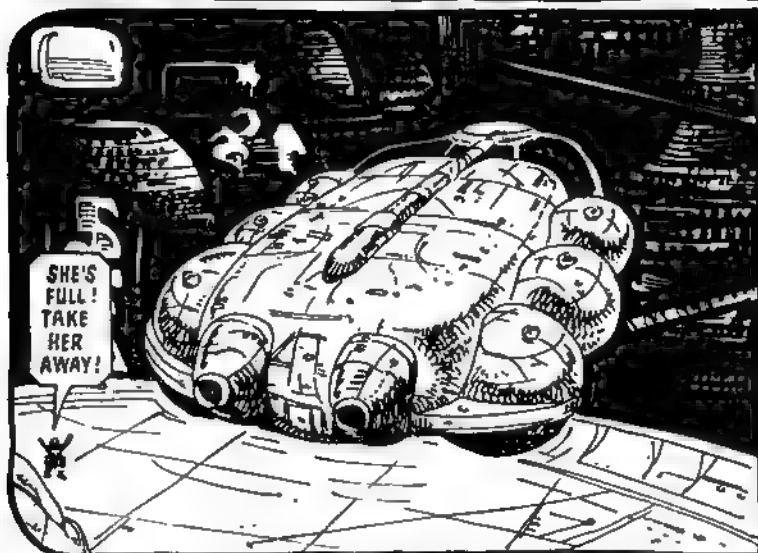
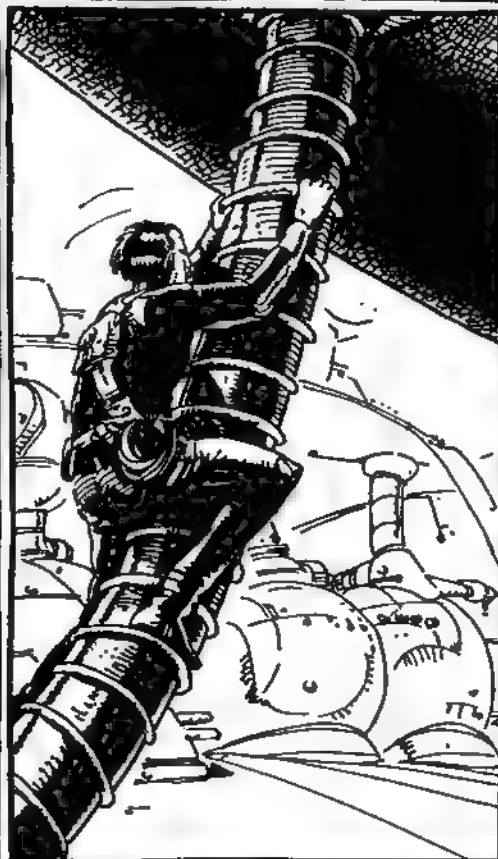
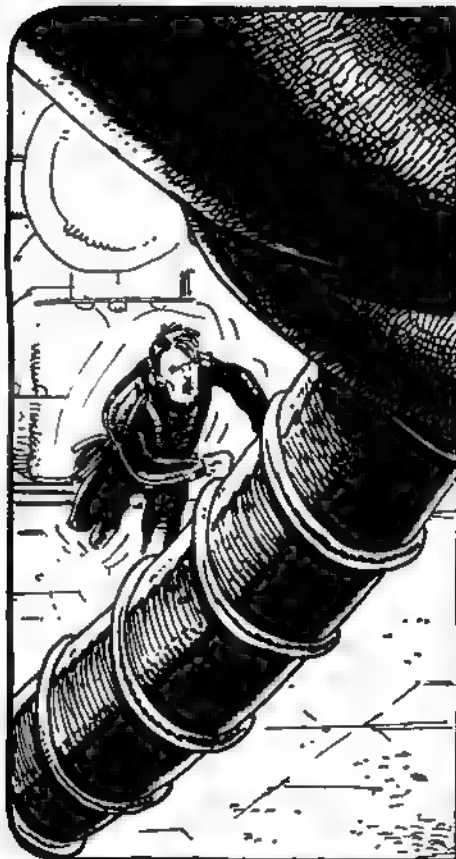
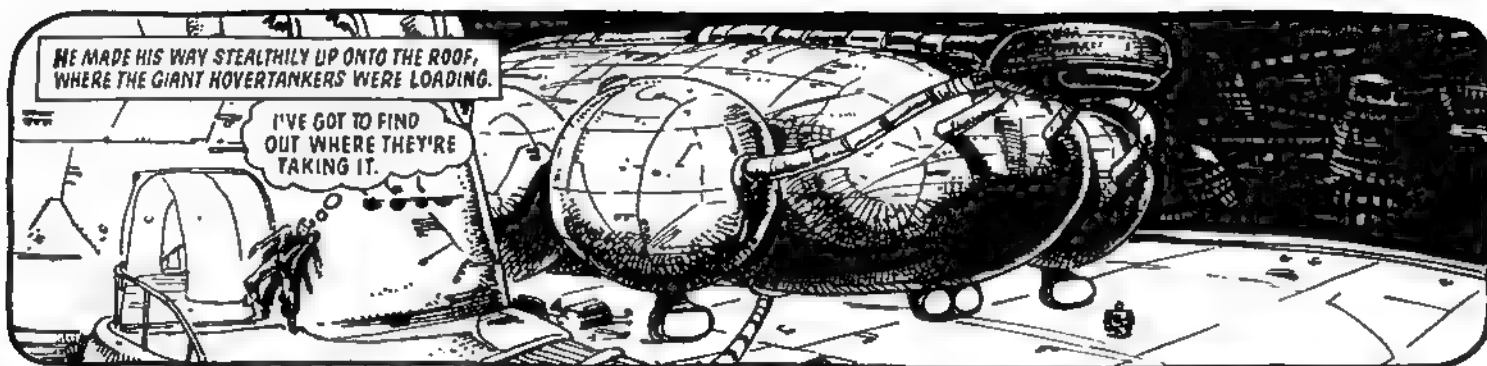
IF HE WAS CAUGHT, IT WAS THE CUBES.

BUT HE WAS A REPORTER, AND HIS INSTINCT TOLD HIM THIS WAS THE BIGGEST STORY HE'D EVER LUCK INTO. HE HAD TO FOLLOW IT THROUGH.

JUDGE DREDD

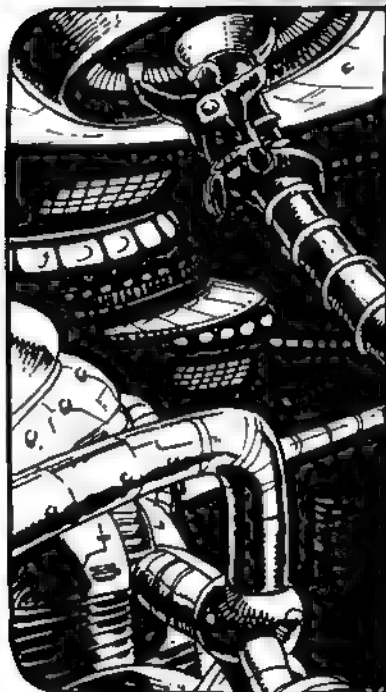
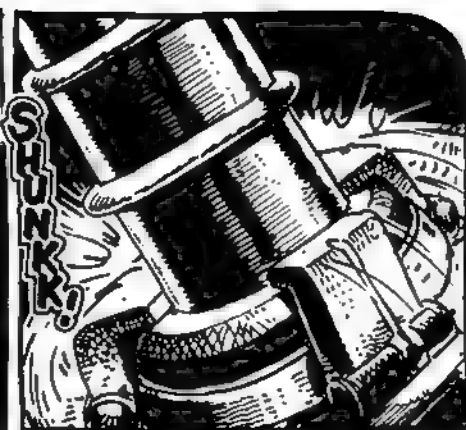
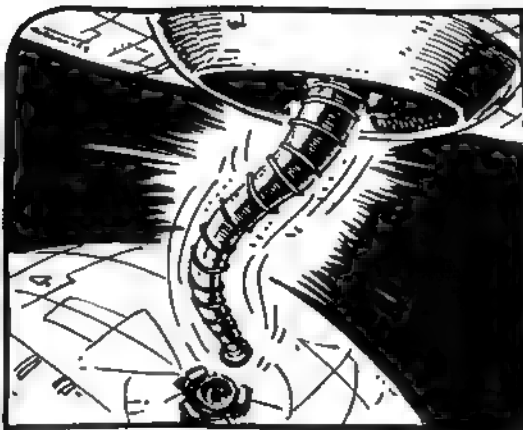
THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH. PART TWO.





BUT FISHER WILDMAN'S
JOURNEY WAS TO BE A
VERY SHORT ONE -

SEEMS TO BE
HEADING FOR A
WEATHER CONTROL
STATION...





WHAT FISHER WILDMAN
SAW CHILLED HIM TO
THE MARROW -

WE GOT PREDICTED
INTER-BLOCK UPRISINGS,
SECTORS 12 THROUGH 18.
PUMP IT STRAIGHT THROUGH
TO CENTRAL OUTLETS.



WHAT'S THE
CONCENTRATION?

KEEP IT
LOW.



DON'T WANT
ANOTHER
OVERDOSE.



WEATHER CONTROL'S
FEEDING IT INTO THE AIR.
THEY'RE USING IT ON US -
THE CITIZENS!



WE HID OUT TILL MORNING,
THEN MANAGED TO SLIP
INTO THE DAY'S FIRST
TOURING PARTY -

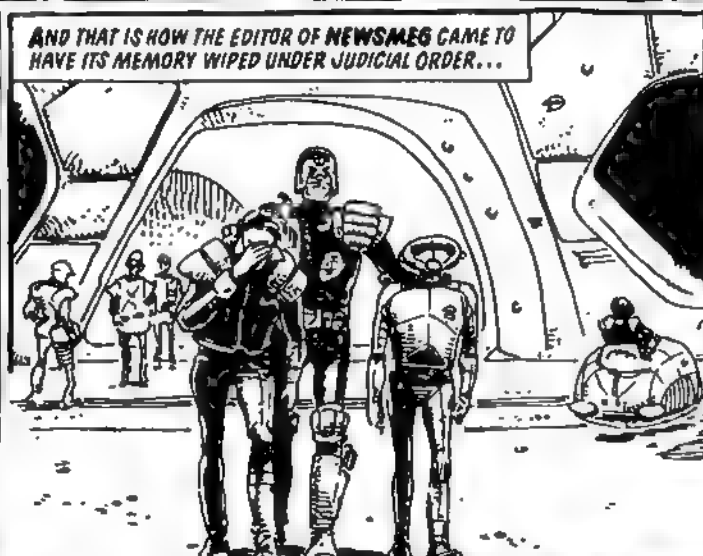
HERE'S ONE OF OUR
AIR FILTRATION
UNITS...



THIS IS WHERE STALE AIR
IS FILTERED AND
CHEMICALLY RECHARGED.

YEAH -
WITH
TRANQ
GAS!





THE MOON MEADOW DOME FOR THE AGED...

MR BONHOF, ISN'T IT ?
YOU'RE NEW HERE...OF COURSE,
MY FACE WON'T BE FAMILIAR TO
YOU, BUT MY NAME WILL BE —
'COS SO MANY PEOPLE CLAIM
TO BE ME!

OH ? AND WHY'S THAT ?

'COS I SOLD MY MEMORIES
TO EXPERIENCES UNLIMITED
...AND THEY SOLD THEM TO
HUNDREDS OF MEN, WHO
NOW GO ABOUT WITH MY
OWN PAST EMBEDDED IN
THEIR MINDS !

SO WHAT'S SO
SPECIAL
ABOUT YOUR
MEMORIES ?

I WAS ONCE THE GREATEST
GLADIATOR IN ALL SPACE !
I WAS...



THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

ERIC THE WILD!

"AH YES, HOW WELL
I REMEMBER MY FIRST
EVER COMBAT..."

WHO AM I
FIGHTING,
BOSS ?

A TOUGH ONE, ERIC...
THE SNARGROID OF
TREXLOX — ONE MEAN
VEGETABLE !

"TRILLIONS OF CREATURES THROUGHOUT
THE UNIVERSE WATCHED AS OUR TITANIC
PROJECTIONS DID BATTLE ! OUR ARENA
WAS AN ABANDONED STAR SYSTEM !"

EARTHMAN... YOU
CANNOT DEFEATT
THE SNARRRGROIDH !

2000AD
Credit Card

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P. MILLIGAN
PAUL HODGE
T. JOZWIAK
LETTERING ROBOT
G. ROBSON

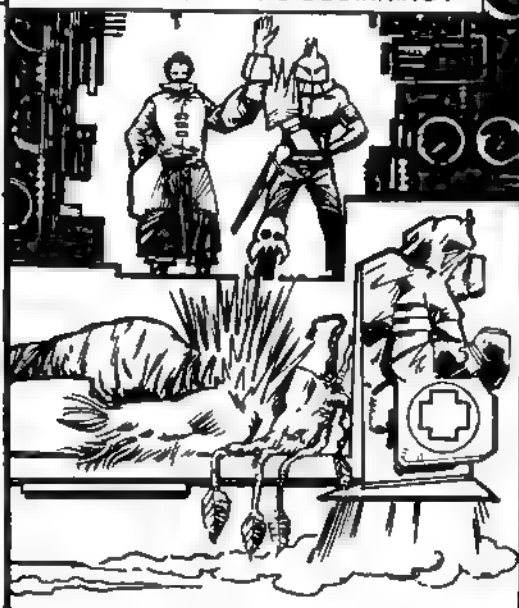
COMPUTER



DON'T BET
ON IT,
CARROT
FACE!

SHHUNKKK!

"THAT WAS JUST THE BEGINNING!"



"I TRAVELLED ALL KNOWN SPACE, BATTLING THE BEST THERE WAS!
I FOUGHT CLINTHROP THE CREASER..."



SEE YOU LATER,
ALLIGATOR!

"...GRENGLOPE THE
UNTOUCHABLE..."

HERE'S LOOKING
AT YOU, SQUID!

OOOOH! IT'S
ERIC THE WILD!



"...AND MORRIE
THE MUTANT..."

SMACK!

GGURNNG!

I SAY!

"SOON, I WAS THE GREATEST GLADIATOR OF ALL! BOY,
WHAT A LIFE I HAD!"



CAN I TOUCH
YOU, ERIC?



EAT YOUR
HEART
OUT.

EASY, GIRLS —
THERE'S PLENTY
OF ME FOR ALL
OF YOU!



"FOR YEARS I WAS SUPREME CHAMPION — AND THEN I MET SHINKO THE SADISTIC..."

TIME FOR YOU TO RETIRE, OLD EARTH CREATURE!

WHOKK!

NNNGGN! SH-SHINKO... HE'S TOO STRONG... TOO FAST!

BEHOLD, THE MARK OF SHINKO!

YEAAGHH!

"HE WAS RIGHT. IT WAS TIME TO RETIRE FROM THE PIT."

"THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING FOR IT: EXPERIENCES UNLIMITED..."

I'M TAKING AN ELECTRO-SIMULATION OF YOUR MEMORIES AND EXPERIENCES, ERIC — TO SELL TO MY RICH OLD CLIENTS...

A SURGEON REMOVED THE SCAR OF SHINKO, BUT I HAD NO MONEY! I HADN'T SAVED A SOU!

DURING THEIR TWILIGHT YEARS, THEY'LL REMEMBER THEIR EXCITING LIFE — YOUR LIFE!

NOW, HUNDREDS OF FOLK BELIEVE THEY USED TO BE ME! THEY TRADED IN THEIR OWN BORING PASTS FOR THE MEMORIES OF ERIC THE WILD!

THE TALKATIVE OLD MAN DEPARTED, AND MR BONHOF WAS LEFT ALONE AGAIN.

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I HEARD THAT STORY?

OF COURSE, THE MEMORY PROGRAMMERS PLANTED THE BIT ABOUT SHINKO'S SCAR BEING REMOVED!

A MAN MIGHT SELL HIS MEMORIES FOR MONEY...

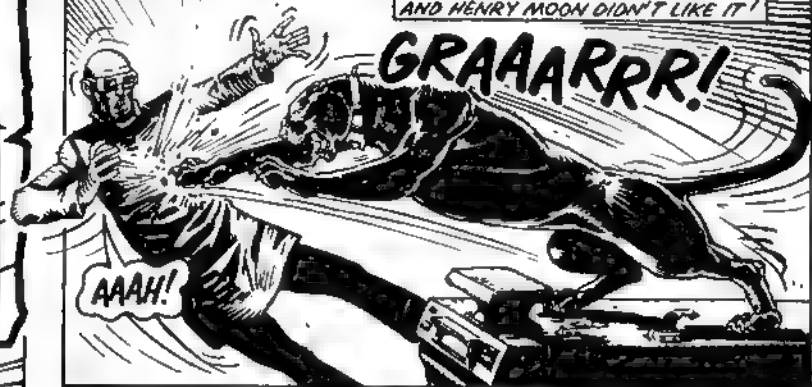
BUT A TRUE GLADIATOR WOULD NEVER PART WITH HIS BATTLE-SCAR!

END

MEAN MEAN

THE PLANET ARTIFICON MAJOR, WHERE BAD JACK KELLER'S MEAN TEAM HAD FOUGHT THEIR WAY TO A PLACE IN THE FINAL OF THE GALACTIC DEATH-BOWL CHAMPIONSHIPS—AT THE COST OF TEAM SENSER HENRY MOON. NOW MOON'S BRAIN HAD BEEN TRANSPLANTED INTO THE BODY OF THE TEAM MASCOT—

AND HENRY MOON DIDN'T LIKE IT!



HE LEAPT TO STRIKE THE FINAL BLOW—BUT HIS BRAIN AND HIS BODY WERE NOT YET FULLY MESHED—



2000AD
Credit Card!
SCRIPT ROBERT
"THE BEAST"
WALT SIMMONS
BELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBERT
TONY JACOB
COMPU-73c



THE ARTIFICON MEDIC HAD IMPLANTED A VOICE SYNTHESISER IN THE PANTHER—

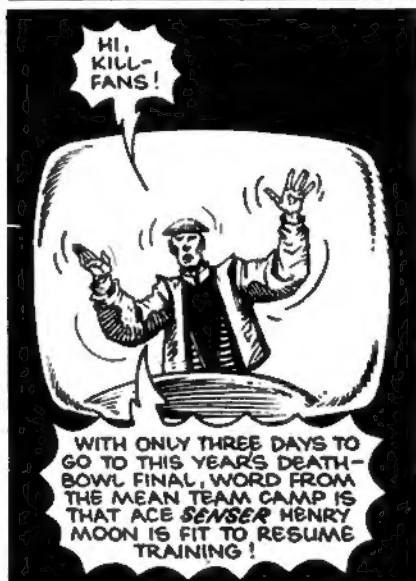
WHOOO...? WHO... DID THIS... TO ME?



I DID.







FOR TRAINING, THE MEAN TEAM RESERVES WERE SENT INTO THE KILL-PIT TO SIMULATE THE OPPOSITION—

HAMMER-BULK-STEELGRIP! DEFENSIVE POSITIONS.

MOON—FIND THE ENEMY!

HENRY MOON WAS GROWING USED TO HIS NEW BODY. HE WAS FINDING IT HAD CERTAIN ADVANTAGES. ITS LIMBS WERE STRONG, ITS SENSES KEEN—

ONE HIDING ON THE BALCONY HUNDRED METRES DOWNSTREET— TWO MORE WAITING IN THE ALLEY!

FOR TRAINING, ONLY STUNBOLTS WERE USED—

FLAGMAN'S IN THAT CELLAR UP AHEAD, BAD JACK!

REST OF YOU STAY PUT! MOON AND I TAKE IT!

WATCH OUT, BAD JACK! THE STEPS ARE BOOBY-TRAPPED!



**NEXT
PROG**

THE DRAGONS GET DANGEROUS...



MEAN TEAM GETS MEANER!



BETELGEUSIAN MINISTRY OF HEALTH
URGENT WARNING DANGER —
DEADLY NEW SPECIES OF THRILL-SUCKER
PLAGUING UNIVERSE
DON'T LEAVE
HOME WITHOUT

2000 AD
READING JUDGE

**RESERVATION
COUPON**

TO MY NEWSAGENT

Please reserve/deliver* 1 thrill-
powered copy of 2000 AD each week.

NAME

ADDRESS

Signature of Parent/Guardian*

*delete as applicable